

Life

May 29
1931

10¢



ed
Graham

For Greater Safety on Every Highway

EVERY FORD CAR IS EQUIPPED WITH A SHATTER-PROOF GLASS WINDSHIELD

For greater safety in driving, every Ford car is equipped with a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield. By reducing the dangers of flying glass it has saved many lives and prevented injuries in accidents.

The value of this important safety factor has been known for years, but its use has been limited by expense. It is brought to you on the Ford as standard equipment only because of the efficiency and economy of Ford methods. Much pioneering work has been done in finding ways to manufacture in large volume at low cost.

It is interesting to know how the Triplex shatter-proof glass wind-



shield of the Ford is made and why it gives so much extra protection.

Two pieces of plate glass, carefully ground and polished, are covered on one side with a thin coating of gelatine. This coating is baked hard, sprayed with liquid celluloid and treated with a solvent.

Then, between the two pieces of glass, like the middle of a sandwich, is inserted a layer of special celluloid. This also has been treated with a solvent.

When heat and pressure are applied to the glass sandwich, this

solvent helps to dissolve the surfaces in contact and they are actually fused together. The final operation is sealing the edges for protection against air and moisture.

This laminated windshield will withstand a 50% harder impact before breaking than plate glass of equal thickness, and is more flexible under impact. When struck an unusually hard blow it will crack, but the danger from flying glass is minimized because the pieces adhere to the layer of celluloid.

High speed and crowded traffic make Triplex shatter-proof glass one of the greatest contributions to safety since four-wheel brakes.



No Flying Glass Here

A woman and three children were in this Ford when a passing car upturned a horse-shoe and sent it crashing into the windshield. No one was hurt because of the shatter-proof windshield. The glass did not fly.



Thirteen Million Square Feet of Glass

The Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in making glass by a continuous machine process. Its unusual manufacturing facilities make it possible to give you a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield on the Ford without extra cost. The Rouge plant alone has a capacity of 13,000,000 square feet of glass annually. This calls for a consumption of 27,300,000 pounds of silica sand, 8,580,000 pounds of soda ash, 7,930,000 pounds of limestone, 1,820,000 pounds of salt cake, 6,136,000 pounds of cullet, 78,000 pounds of charcoal, and 156,000 pounds of arsenic.



The beautiful new Ford Town Sedan is distinguished by the richness of its upholstery and appointments. The first cost is low and you can purchase it for a small down payment on convenient, economical terms, through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



"Why haven't you read my book yet?"

SINBAD

Have you ever seen a dog lover with his 'best pal'?

Of course you have, and often have you envied and craved this mutual admiration and love. It was meant to be yours in the general arrangement of things.

But if you happen to live where you just cannot have your dog with you, (we'll bet he's a sort of 'mutt,' too!) be satisfied with the next best thing that can take his place,—the best thing in LIFE—Sinbad.

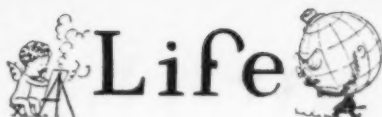
He's a homely, but oh such a human little fellow,—just like your little Patch, Spot, or Snip. Why don't you laugh at and with Sinbad and weep tears of pathos over those little tragedies when he is always trying to be helpful and do the right thing, yet invariably 'puts his paw into it'?

Sinbad, Love, and Laughter are synonymous, and cheap at \$2.50, even in these times.

Sinbad in book form is already in his second edition; get your order in before the supply is exhausted. Address

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Vice versa!



*Sometimes WE
are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner... and his wife was really surprised!

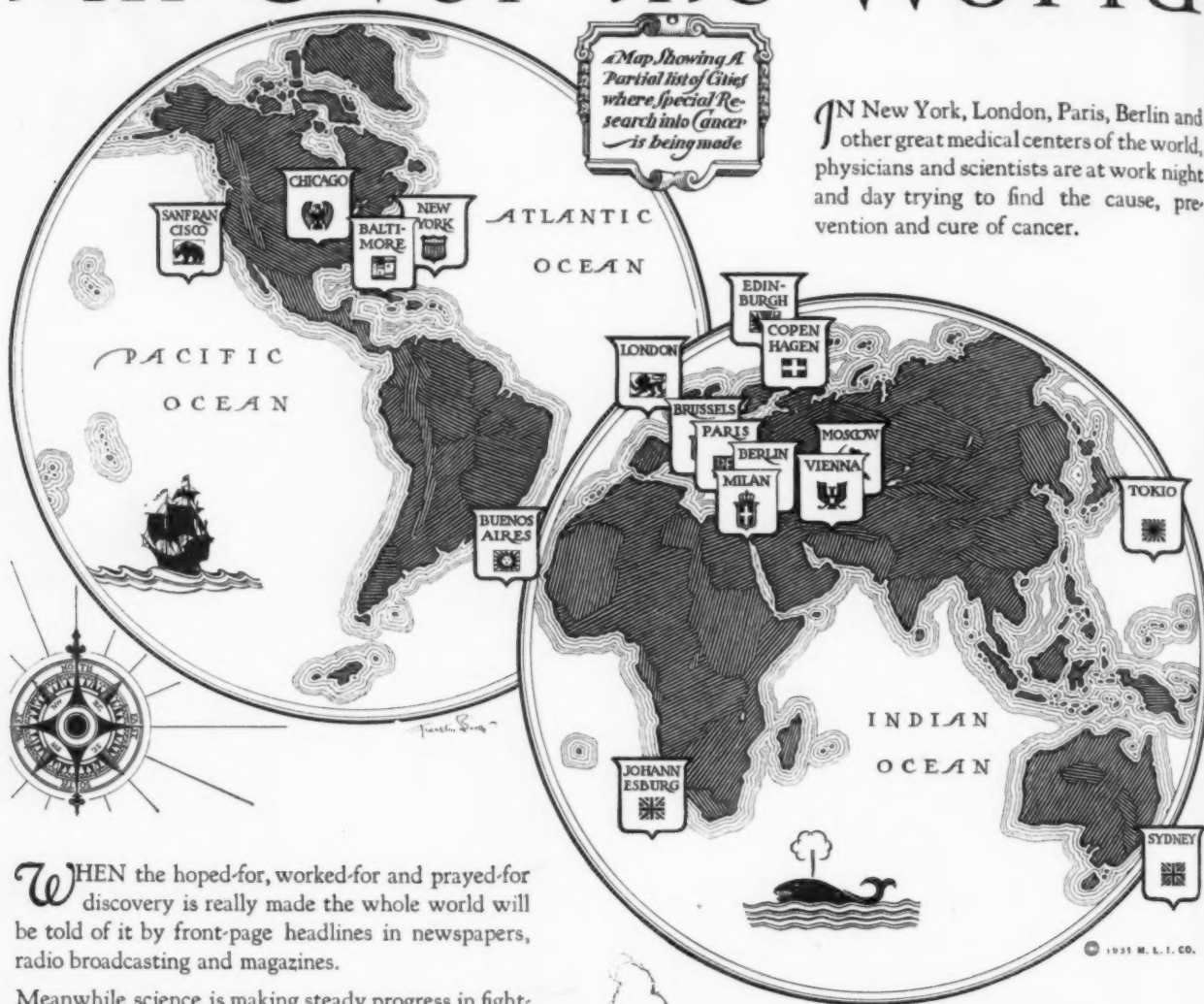
It's our belief that a hotel should do more than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation (*without surprise*), no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's only United... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. The Alexander Hamilton
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NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO The Porage
FLINT, MICH. The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring



All Over the World



IN New York, London, Paris, Berlin and other great medical centers of the world, physicians and scientists are at work night and day trying to find the cause, prevention and cure of cancer.

WHEN the hoped-for, worked-for and prayed-for discovery is really made the whole world will be told of it by front-page headlines in newspapers, radio broadcasting and magazines.

Meanwhile science is making steady progress in fighting the disease which kills more people, past 40, in the United States than any other disease but one—heart disease.

As in many other wars against disease, the great weapon at present is education—spreading the knowledge that cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and x-rays or removed by surgery. But there is no accepted proof that any drug, serum or local application can cure it.

Cancer itself is neither hereditary nor contagious. Its early development is usually painless.

But while cancer prowls, like a thief in the night, attacking and robbing the unwary, alert defense against it is saving thousands of lives. Complete health examinations, made in time to locate the presence of the enemy, are the best defense against cancer.

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps, strange growths, swellings, sore spots that refuse to heal, or unusual

discharges from any part of the body. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in appearance. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

Quacks and charlatans, who claim to have discovered secret cancer "cures", prey upon the ignorance of their victims—and their victims lose precious time when every hour is of utmost value in preventing the growth of the disease.

Modern science appeals to intelligence. Many untimely deaths can be prevented by getting rid of cancerous growths. More especially is this true while they are local and confined to a small area.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Ask for Booklet 631-F which will be mailed free.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"We must learn to love nature in all of her moods, mustn't we?"



"What d'yer say, let's go in!"

We are having Spring cleaning at my house . . .

I USE *we* inadvisedly. The more fitting pronoun is *they*. You'd think I live across the street.

They argue with me. They scream for and at me. I don't know how to fix a vacuum cleaner. I'm no good as a repainter of porch furniture. I don't know how to grapple a mattress. I can't do this and that and the other. You'd think I am one of the neighbors' children.

It's the old army game: "You can't stand there, soldier. You can't walk there, soldier. You can't stay here, soldier."

It is Din! Din! Din!

With the cleaners flickin' dust-rags on the run.

They 'ave trun my clothes away,

An' I'm a maniac at bay:

I'll bop a bloomin' maid upon her chin.

The trouble started with a picture. I bought this house and paid for it (well, pretty soon now) and yet I

haven't intelligence enough to drive a little nail in a wall and hang an eight-by-ten picture.

"Where shall we put the 'In Olde Hyde Park' this year?" I shouted. It's an eight-by-ten etching. "What do you say about putting 'In Olde Hyde Park' back in the same place?"

Someone in flight answered, "No."

"Then where?" I replied, suspecting nothing and trying to help.

Someone suggested, "Let's put 'In Olde Hyde Park' to the left of the mantle where 'Quiet Waters' was last year."

I hung "In Olde Hyde Park" to the left of the mantle and mounted the stepladder to hang "Quiet Waters" where "In Olde Hyde Park" had clung to the wall for one year.

But "Quiet Waters" wouldn't fit. It's a six-by-eight. When hung where the eight-by-ten had rested, the outline of the eight-by-ten showed. There was a clean border edged in black on the

wall all around our "Quiet Waters."

I spent the entire day in an unsuccessful effort to fit pictures into places where other pictures had been. Weakened and broken I at last gave in and admitted we must have the walls done over.

The painters came. They saw. And they—well, Julius Caesar was a peaceful old gentleman in comparison. Their ladders scratched the floors so the floors had to be refinished. Men appeared on the scene with scraping and waxing machines.

THREE days later the telephone in Frank's Place rang and I was told I might return to my home. I was informed the painters and waxers had departed.

The house shone in the sunlight as I turned the corner. During my absence the jonquils along the walk had blossomed. The grass was green. Such an outward appearance would de-

ceive a less trusting nature than mine, so I opened the door and with a firm step entered.

"Here," said a stranger whom I still believe I can whip, and who later turned out to be an interior decorator, "take this mattress to the attic and then come back."

Not knowing who he was at the time, I said, "I live here."

"Come back and help me move this couch after you get the mattress to the attic," he said.

Spring cleaning had begun in earnest. They were serious about it now. The newly finished floors and spotless walls afforded too great a contrast to our comfortable but modest furniture, I was told. Pieces must be replaced or re-upholstered or outfitted with slip covers.

The interior decorator, it seems, is a man named Mr. Soufley. Today, even after I had learned he was an interior decorator, I put down a coffee table the maid was having me carry to the basement, and I said to Mr. Soufley, "Say, after we get through, are you going to live in this house or am I going to live in this house?"

He replied, "Those drapes don't harmonize."

What comes after the interior decorator I don't know, but I'm hoping we're in for a lull. There's a chance, however, that they might decide to move the house to a better neighborhood or that someone might notice I don't harmonize.

—Tom Sims.

Remedy

There probably wouldn't be so many revolutions in Central and South America if the idle had something to amuse them, like Prohibition.

That Settles It

Think how much worse Europe's depression will be if we stay home this summer because of ours.

Pleasing the Masters

Surely, my dear, I'll cut out paint,
And keep mascara off my lashes;
I'll practice up on how to faint,
And buy some pale, blue sashes.

I'll learn to do a dainty pout,
And give you little *Prunes and Prisms*;
With easy innocence, I'll doubt
Krafft-Ebing and all 'isms . . .

No more, you'll hear me gaily swear;
By ten o'clock I'll try to slumber;
And then . . . I bet I'll get the air!
You'll chase some hotter number!

—E. L.



"It's a good job, but there ain't no future in it."

It's All in the Viewpoint

"HELLO, William, anything exciting happened?"

"I'll say! I was looking in a store window the other day, and turning around, who do you think I saw next to me?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Jack Applegate."

"You mean the famous movie star who played the waiter in 'Scarlet Ribaldry'?"

"Yes."

"Boy, that must have been some thrill—but speaking of thrills—it turns out that my wife knows a woman who went to school with Vera Watson."

"You don't mean the famous Vera Watson—the one who has that part in the first scene of the second act of 'Bullet Proof'?"

"Uh huh."

"Oh boy, what a kick that must be!



"Yes, I left home fourteen years ago and every year I go back across the Street and visit the old folks."

Well, I once stood as near as from here to that lamp post to George Drake."

"You mean the noted tennis player who got to the semi-finals of the Nationals three or four years ago?"

"The same."

"Some thrill meeting celebrities practically face to face, eh? I'll never forget the time I was on a bus—and who do you think was only three rows in front of me?—Friedrich Wisnowski—the son of the famous orchestra leader."

"Pretty exciting, eh?"

"I'll say. By the way, how's business?"

"Better, George, I made three million on that merger last week. Not much excitement, though."

"Nor with me either. I'm thinking of getting twenty millions together and consolidating with the United. We'll control the city then. It's a pretty hum-drum life."

"Yeah, it sure is!"

—Parke Cummings.



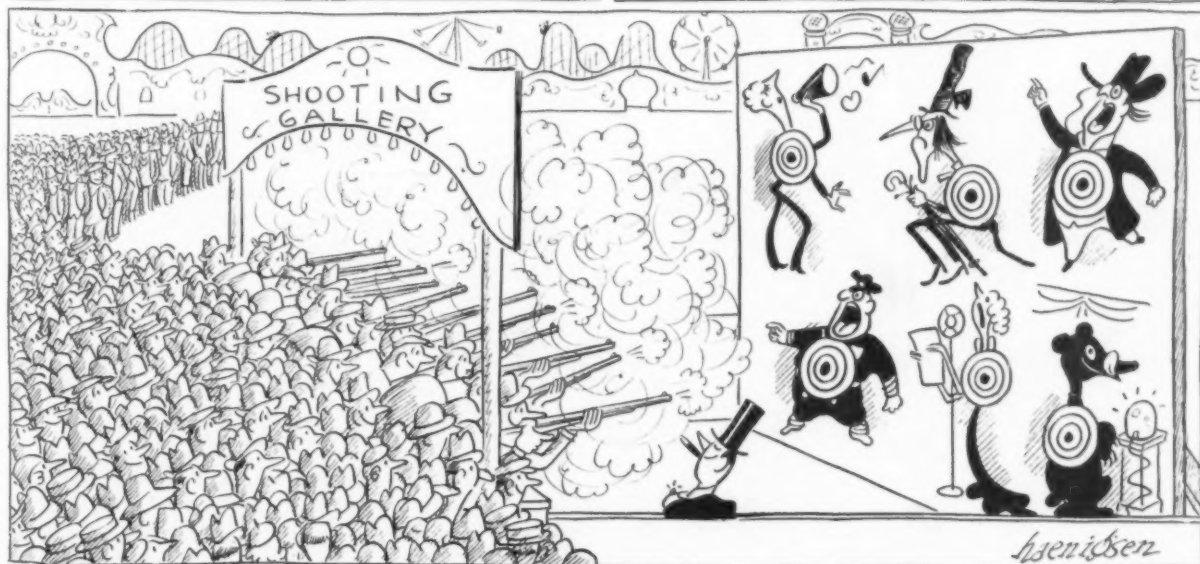
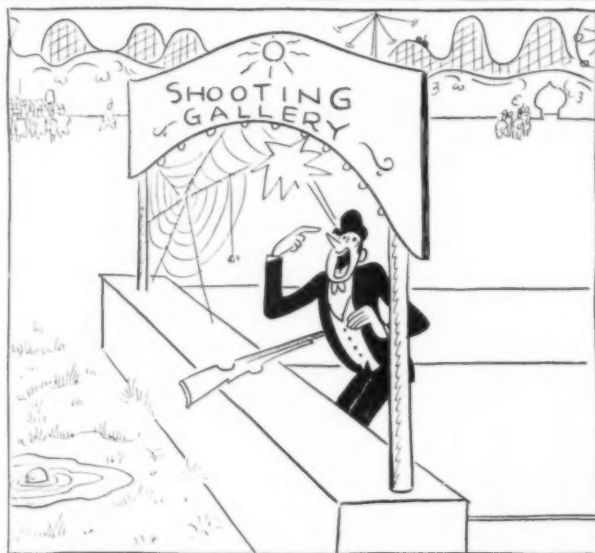
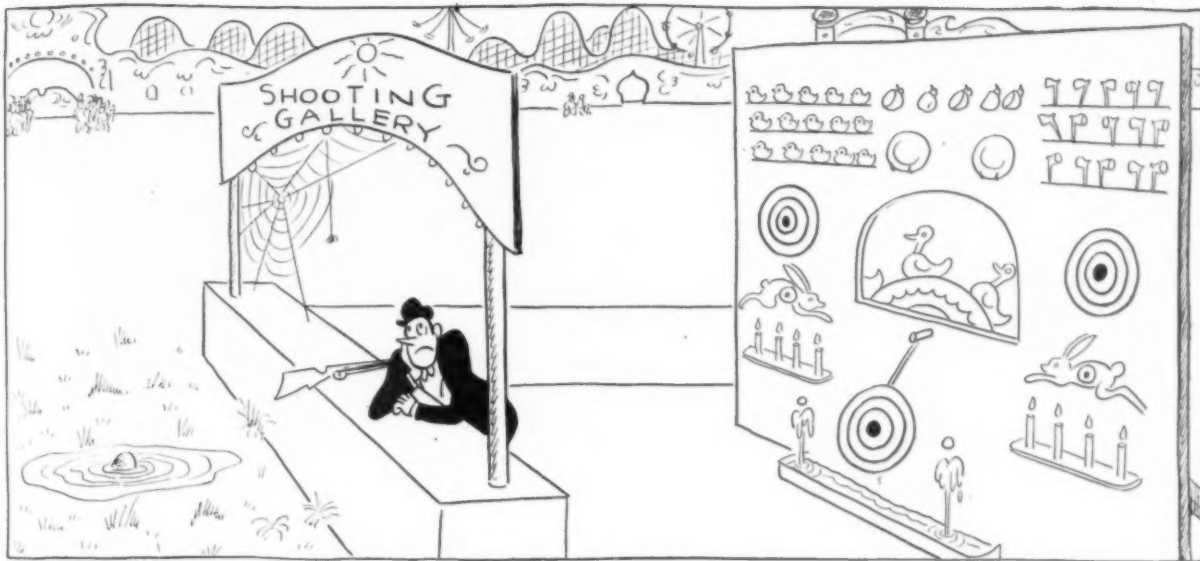
Came the dawn!

Grounds

"Divorce is increasing rapidly under the new civil law in Turkey," we read. Well you can hardly blame two Turks for not wanting to live together.

Attention, Light Brunettes!

WIDOWER 48—Alone, some means, would correspond with refined brunette under 120 lbs; prefer schoolma'am; object marriage. Box 24 Watts, Calif.
—Glendora (Calif.) Gleaner.



Appendix News

A Society of Enemies of the Vermiform Appendix was formed in Berlin, one member being chosen every year by lot to be operated upon.

The President of the National Horseshoe Pitching Association claimed that no active member has had an attack of appendicitis in the last ten years.

At the Casino in Algiers the audience was urged to closely examine a certain dancer with opera glasses for her appendicial scar, the minuteness of which testified to the "professional skill" of Surgeon So-and-so.

A man in Richmond was shot in the abdomen and the bullet severed the appendix so neatly that all the surgeon had to do was put in a couple of stitches.

How's yours?

—W. E. Farbstein.



"Whenever I get tight I see snakes!"

"Then we ought to make a swell couple. I always see mongooses!"

GENUINE
MINK COATS
— 39.7



"You have to expect a reasonable amount of lying, Madam."

Hello Frisco!

"Hello Weber, this is Kartiny speaking."

"Who?"

"Kartiny."

"Louder, please. I can't hear you."

"Kartiny. K-a-r-t-i-n-y."

"Sorry. Didn't get it."

"Kartiny!"

K—as in 'O.K.'

A—as in 'eh?'

R—as in 'are'

T—as in 'tea'

I—as in 'eye'

N—as in 'anything'

Y—as in 'why'

Get me?"

"Oh, sure! Hello Rumpelmeyer."

—L. G.

Secret Service

"I saw no speakeasies in New York," says a tourist from Kansas. Well, up to date they aren't actually giving curb service.

Roman Numbers

The unemployed in Rome are placed at 300,000, but there is no truth in the rumor that half of them are Mussolini.

Prohibition agents have been instructed to refer to their activities as "searches," not "raids."

—News Item.

What activities?

Joking Aside

BY BERTON BRALEY

If *you* want a true dose
Of critical Kudos,

Be Grim!

Write dourly and starkly
And view the world darkly

Through spectacles smoky and dim;
For if your endeavor

Be sprightly and smart
They'll say "Oh, it's clever
But that isn't Art."

Be Bitter,
A glitter
Of glee in your glim
Is ruin.
Be blue 'n
Be Grim!

Be dull and be slow, but
Be Grim.
Be rancid with woe, but
Don't yield to a whim
Of sprinkling a twinkling
Of hope, here and there,
A savor or flavor
Of wit debonair;
For Critics, accusing
Where once they salaamed,
Will say you're "Amusing"
Which means you are damned.
If you seek the Summit,
Fame's uppermost limb
Don't let humor gum it,
Be Grim!

It's true that the breezy
And quick-gaited vim
Of writing ain't easy
And that to be Grim
Is mostly a question
Of spleen and of bile
And faulty digestion
Affecting the style;

But—if you'd be taken
As worthy of fame,
And bring home the bacon
Of critics' acclaim,
Eliminate traces
Of light-footed graces
Tread ponderous paces
Be heavy of limb,
(Your dullness won't hurt you
They'll call it a Virtue)
Be GRIM!

"You'll Eat Those Words!"

Eight women in Oklahoma who played bridge for money were sentenced to bake biscuits for their husbands. The question arises: Should a husband be punished for the law violations of his wife?

Seat of Learning

A writer says our greatest educational force is the movies. At one the other night we learned that if a new hat is placed on a vacant seat a stranger will come in and sit on it.

Happier Accidents

A national movement is under way to make liability insurance for motorists compulsory. It would seem that a policy is the best honesty.

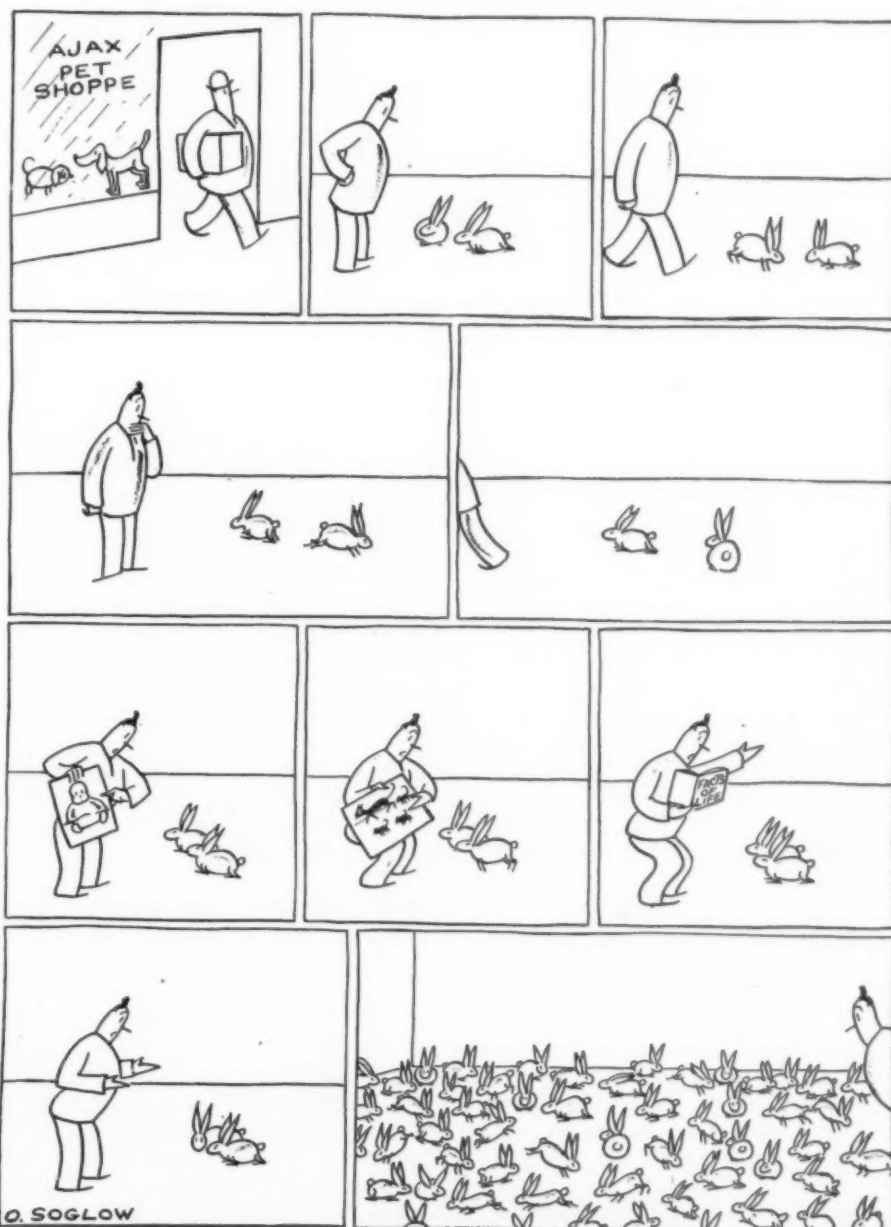
New Connections

"In twenty years there will be no 'centrals,'" says a telephone company official. Even now it is difficult to get one.

The regular use of this cream will reduce the size of any double chin.

—Adv. in Newspaper.

"Keep neckable."





Life Looks About

Three Notable Decedents

NEW YORK'S average of citizenship has been jolted down several degrees by the losses, very close together, of Mrs. Reid, Mr. George F. Baker and Mr. Robert De Forest. Mr. Baker was 91, Mr. De Forest was 83, but Mrs. Reid was only a year or two past 70. These were all valuable people, blessed with abundant means backed by sound minds and admirable energies. They were members of a group, not much advertised, who feel strong and active responsibility about civilization in the United States, and do what they can to promote it. They were of an interesting diversity in their qualities. Mrs. Reid, the daughter of D. O. Mills, was full of social talent and activity; liked people, was very kind to many of them; was religious (a friend of Bishop Brent's, so they said); knew how to run a great house and did it for forty odd years of large and pleasant hospitalities. She was always interested in politics. She owned a great newspaper. She could meet the needs of a government when necessary as she did the other day when she lent her country house to the King of Siam.

Mr. Baker was richer than Mrs. Reid. She was rich enough for her purposes and he was rich enough for his. As we all know, he was a wholesale banker, with a small and shabby but very lucrative bank at No. 2 Wall Street.

ONE smiles as he thinks of Mr. Baker and that is a good sign, for one does not smile at disagreeable things. He seems not to have been at all disagreeable. His great job was having money and using it wisely and helpfully in rescue jobs on railroads, and in critical times. They credit him with being very good at that, and that is important. *The Times* spoke of his character as being like that of the Duke

of Devonshire, who was long represented as something to tie to in England. You could tie to Mr. Baker. He stayed put—at No. 2 Wall Street. He was no man for novelty, no tower builder, no merger maker; just plugged along filling his cellars with what came in, saying very little, almost inarticulate in public, buying and improving property but never selling anything. Since Mr. Morgan the elder died he has been the foremost sage of Wall Street.

As for Mr. De Forest, President of the Metropolitan Museum, and of the Sage Foundation, and, first or last, president or a working officer of the Charity Organization, the Red Cross and a score of other organizations for the public welfare, he has been recognized these many years as a consecrated vessel who found a profit and had most of his fun in that curious and endless occupation vulgarly known as Doing Good. In that employment he was recognized and greatly respected as an expert.

ALL these decedents, Mr. De Forest and Mr. Baker especially, brought their characters, formed and developed, out of the 19th century. So did Mrs. Reid, who was a middle aged woman when the 20th century set in.

Walter Lippmann in *Vanity Fair* makes the suggestion that American character has gone down hill since 1915, that it is not as good just now as it used to be. It will be good again presently, but it may not express itself after the manner of these departed friends and citizens, guardians of struggling democracy, Mrs. Reid, Mr. Baker, Mr. De Forest.

Family Doctor Needed

AFTER all, and in spite of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Coolidge, many members of Congress and other sensitive people, the International Chamber of Commerce did discuss the war-debts and our latest tariff. It was shocking, but they did it. They even dared to suggest revision of the debts.

What statesmen, and indeed all people, need to do in these days is to see the world as a whole; to recognize that it is pretty sick, and cannot be cured by

specialists for this or that separate ailment. It needs a family doctor who will know what the whole patient requires, and what retards recovery.

When the job was to end the war, the Allies and their Associates finally turned in desperation to a generalissimo. So our sick world may presently insist on a physician, and if he says the war-debts are bad for his patient, the war-debts should be dismissed.

TWELVE thousand pastors urge a Church ban on war. That sounds large, but it was the response to a questionnaire sent out by Dr. Cadman, Dr. Fosdick and others to 53,000 ministers of whom about 20,000 replied. So really only about a quarter of the ministers consulted came out for a ban on war.

But if there were four times as many, would it have made much difference? It would be hard to find a group of people who would not want to do away with war if they could. The clergymen do not think about it any differently from most other people and their ban if it could be got would not be of much use. To stop war one needs to examine into the causes of it and try to cure them. That is the job of economists, bankers and statesmen rather than of clergymen. Of course a clergyman may be good at it, but his real errand, in pursuit of which some varieties of him button their collars behind, is to fight war by strength won out of the invisible world; to change and improve the minds of men, make them wise, civilize them.

Meanwhile those 12,000 clergymen who want to ban war, for a first step should all fight Prohibition as provided by the Eighteenth amendment, which now seems to be making more mischief in the world of these States than anything else in sight. And it damages the world out of these States because of the harm it does to American character and because it distracts American attention from international problems. Dear brethren fight Federal Prohibition! Let the individual states go dry if they like, but whenever any one of them becomes dissatisfied with that condition, let it be possible to change it!

—E. S. Martin.

AGENT: *I rang and rang and rang, but no answer! Well, I'll try it again tomorrow.*



Every time Ozzie got licked up he imagined he was somebody.

The Pity of It!

Volstead said in a recent speech that bootleggers hardly made a decent living, nowadays. But they're willing to spend their last dollar to keep Prohibition on the books.

Papal?

Now that Spain has adopted the republican form of government maybe they will open the bull-fight season by letting the president throw out the first bull.

Toot Sweet

A railroad warns motorists its new oil burning locomotives make very little noise. What is needed is one so quiet its engineer can hear an approaching motorist honking for the crossing.

ADD SIMILES: Absent minded as a plumber in love.



"I think I'm getting an inferiority complex."



"Why should I come again? To be bored stiff?"

Just Like a Man

You dine with your Brother . . .
You dine with your Cousins . . .
You dine with your Aunt
And dozens and dozens
Of Classmates who happen
To be in the City . . .
And leave me alone
With no sense of pity!

But let me dash out on a swell dinner
date,
And you even condemn the food that
I ate!

You call up your Brother . . .
You call up your Cousins . . .
You call up your Aunt
And dozens and dozens
Of Sweethearts who gave you
The well known *gate* . . .
But you never call me
Unless you are late!
To keep peace, I call no one! The
numbers I get
Are the Laundry, the Tailor, the Gin-
man *et cet.*

—E. L.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

MAY 7.—Crescents for breakfast, with watercress and marmalade, very fine, so that I lay back well content save for the turmoil in First Avenue, which is not only constantly being mended by riveters, but which is so full of fire-engines and their terrific sirens as to suggest frequently that the whole town is burning with a blaze akin to that which destroyed Rome. And I was minded of what someone told me about a Western city wherein ambulances dash about with so much sound and fury that citizens do now sit back and say, "There goes an interne for another packet of cigarettes." Reading this morning in Erich Remarque's new book, "The Road Back," but I was obliged to lay it aside before making much progress, my eyes being blinded with tears. Then fell upon Christopher Morley's "John Mistletoe," which contains such an amazing amount of erudition and displays a faculty for retaining it in detail that I was depressed, for Lord! I cannot even recall, when the grocery slips are presented to me for settlement, whether or not we had Brussels sprouts for dinner on even the day before yesterday, and when I came upon Morley's statement that he was probably one of the few persons who could tell the date of the year on which St. Agnes' Eve falls, I was well nigh to tears, my only reaction to St. Agnes' Eve, were it demanded by a psychoanalyst, being "the owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold." Samuel home betimes, looking very brave in a new brown suit, and I was moved to tell him, with some jealousy, that, should he keep on losing weight and growing more handsome therewith, by the time he was seventy he would be a gigolo.

MAY 8.—The telephone a-ringing, and it was Marge Boothby, in a state of such sorrowful excitement that she was at some pains to speak, but she did finally manage to confide that, on the eve of her sailing for Havana, all the new raiment which she had purchased for the trip had been stolen from her dressmaker's shop, and when I pressed her for details, she sobbed out that the box, already packed for

delivery, had contained a coat, a frock, two silk slips, a negligee, and some lingerie, so for once my sympathy with her was unfeigned, for such a theft at such a time is one of the most dire calamities that can befall a woman, nor could I think of any counsel to give her, even prayer being unavailing and therefore out of the question. But I did give her the name of a saleswoman at a draper's who has proved efficient in equipping me in emergency cases, albeit I do know that Marge had liefer go about in a handstitched gunny-sack than in anything with a manufactur-

er's label, and there was not even time to sew up the gunny-sack. So throughout the day I did await word from the poor wretch, and when it came it was to tell me that Lucy Brooks, whose measurements coincide with Marge's, had fitted her out completely, and I could but ponder that laying down one's life for a friend is not to be compared with laying down one's new spring wardrobe. Dinner at home, of spareribs and sauerkraut which has been brewing for three days, and then Sam and I to our books, speaking of the joys of reading and of how much people who do not like to read miss, whereupon Sam said he had once known a man who took two years to get through "Beverly of Graustark."



"I remember your mother—a remarkable woman!"

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

"Who is going to be the Democratic nominee for President next year?"

NEARLY every visitor to Washington asks this question. He thinks, and perhaps with logic, that the men and women who make politics their life, so to speak, ought to be able to call the turn.

But politics is mighty hard to explain. Sam Blythe is fond of quoting an old senator as saying that no matter how queer a fish any particular congressman may be, if you will go back to his district and look about you will find a reason "as big as a house" for that particular man being elected.

But why do the voters do the way they do? Your New Yorker will marvel at the mental processes of the electorate of Iowa, which sends Smith W. Brookhart to the Senate. But why do they not wonder over the electorate of New York, which gave Coolidge nearly a million plurality, and on the same day did their best to hamstring him by sending more Democrats than Republicans to the House? For if other states had done likewise Cal would have had a hostile Congress on his hands.

Or why do they not wonder how their own state could vote for Hughes, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, going Republican four times running, and yet send a Wagner to the Senate? A man who would try to run off with the credit for solving the unemployment situation?

IT is just as hard to figure out what makes a political issue. Some mighty shrewd gentlemen, if one is to estimate political shrewdness from a man's record in getting re-elected every time he comes up, believe it will be water power. One of these is Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana: a man so smart politically that, at the Madison Square convention, he declined

the vice presidential nomination. He knew there was more political nutriment in being re-elected senator from Montana that year than in being an unsuccessful candidate for vice president.

If Mr. Walsh is right about water power being the issue this time, and about which side the Democratic Party ought to take, then Franklin D. Roosevelt would seem to be the logical nominee. But there are some pretty astute gentlemen with their fingers on the popular pulse who think the stockholders in the big utility corporations are more sensitive and agitated at the

moment than are the householders who pay electric bills.

AND with Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope out-radicaling the radicals in their speeches as to what the big corporations ought to do for the workers and customers, maybe it will be the stockholders who would turn on Young and support Roosevelt!

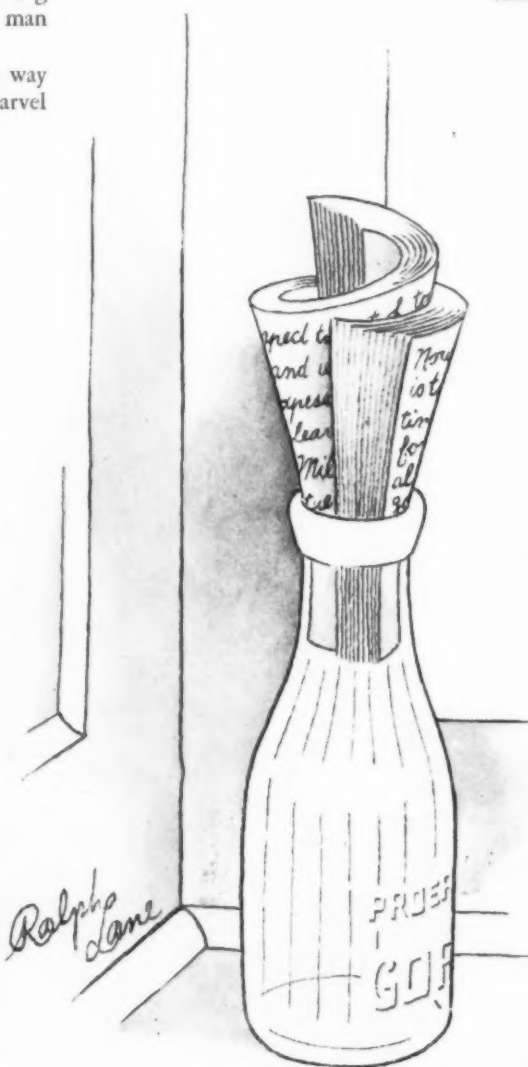
It has been the consensus in Washington since the Democratic National Committee meeting, where Roosevelt rather let Al Smith's friend John Ras-kob down, that Roosevelt was too far out in front for this stage of the proceedings. Washington has been convinced that Roosevelt would be killed off. They figured every other would-be candidate and his friends would concentrate their fire on the New York governor.

Further, they knew that there is very little love for Roosevelt in Tammany Hall, and the Tammany boys have learned a lot about national politics since Grover Cleveland made faces at them and got away with it. Never forget that they nominated Al Smith in 1928 with the votes of several hundred dry delegates, many of them from states known to be strongly anti-Catholic! It takes a two-thirds vote in a Democratic Convention.

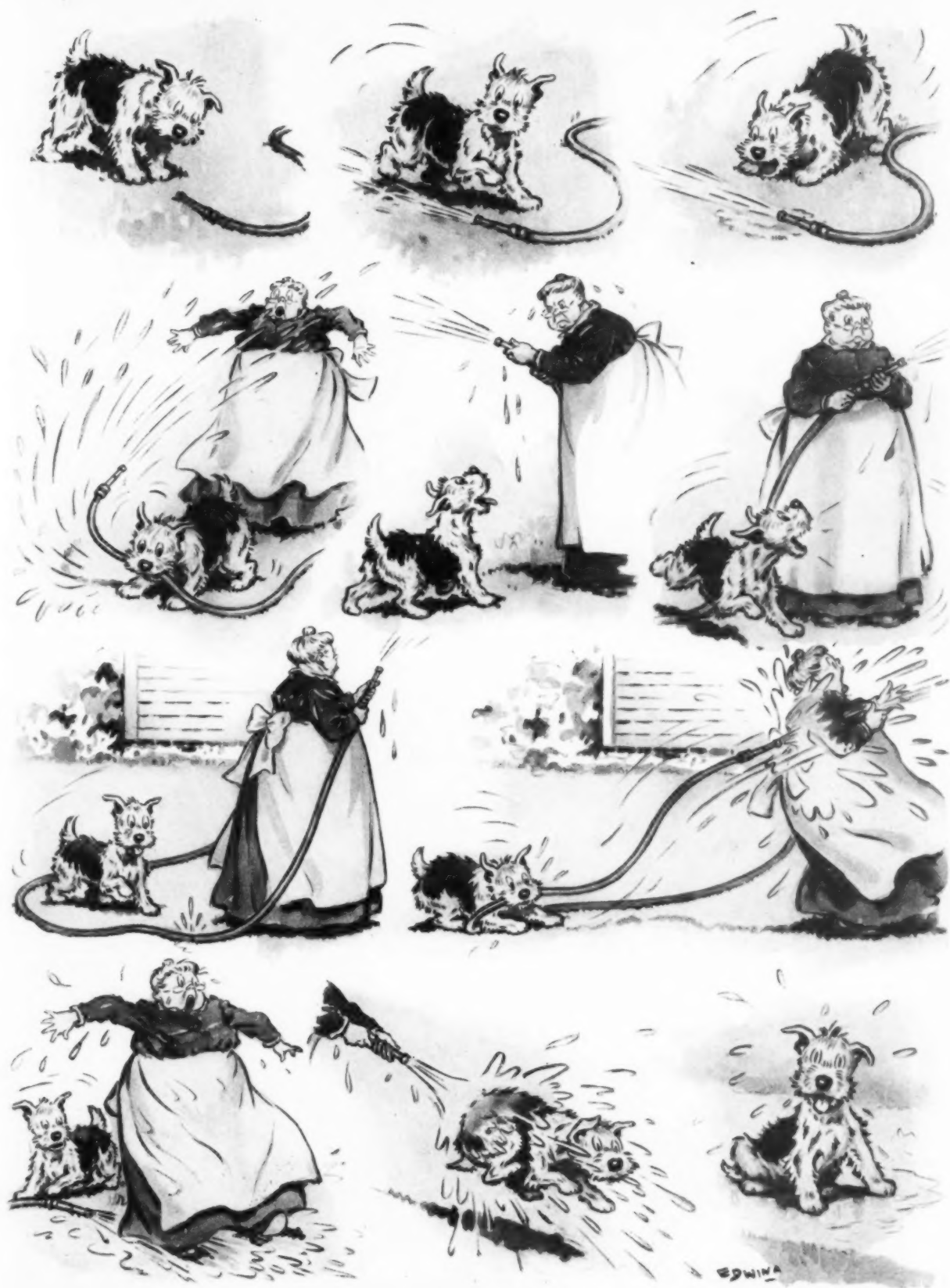
NEWTON D. BAKER, of Ohio, presents another equally difficult political conundrum. Baker is wet. He forced the nomination of a wet candidate for senator in a five-sided fight last summer, and that candidate, Robert J. Bulkley, carried the allegedly dry, Republican, Anti-Saloon League birthplace of Ohio by 182,000 in November.

Being wet, presumably Baker would have an even better chance of carrying New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut than Roosevelt. For various reasons he rouses more wet enthusiasm than Roosevelt. Also he is considerably more appreciated now than he was when he was Secretary of War under

(Continued on page 25)



Mr. Wickersham leaves a note for the milkman.



SINBAD.
Summer Sports.



NEW YORK ON THE MOVE—*impre*



OVE—impression by Mr. Howard Elcock

Mr. Sam Hellman Has a Word

To Say About the New Ball



TO THE UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION,

Gentlemen:

I am violently, wrathfully, furiously opposed to your new golf ball.

It's poisonous enough to lop distance from a player whose fault has been that he stands too close to the ball after hitting it, but to add wind-born curves, angles, tangents, parabolas and relativity to hooks and slices is too much. Imagine encouraging hooks and

stimulating slices! One may as well wash sand into spinach.

For years my hope has been to break a hundred and provide myself with a whole winter of conversation. Every other stock I own has managed to break a hundred with ease: why not my golf score? This season I certainly would have entered what Elihu Root laughingly calls the charmed circle had not a near-sighted reform wave foisted this overgrown globule upon us.

Gentlemen, I protest. I suggest that all the new balls be gathered together, taken to the top of Al Smith's mooring mast on the new Empire Building and dropped on the heads of those who said—"don't sell. That stock'll go to 1000."

Either restore the old ball or prepare for the painful spectacle of my retirement from golf.

Sincerely,

SAM HELLMAN.

P. S. The only good thing about your new ball is this: I see where I can get in some good quail shooting along with my golf.

WHILE Sam Hellman is a famous golfer (in his own way) he is perhaps still better known as the author of humorous stories about golfers, bridge players, etc., preferably married ones. "It makes for situations", says Sam. So does the new ball, in his view, and if you are a golf player (the worse the better) here is your chance to register your opinion on the matter. The rule-makers will bear about it, leave that to LIFE. Just fill in the blank and mail it.

Dear LIFE:

I want to add my protest to the U. S. G. A. against the new ball. My complaints are:

I would (would not) like a return to the old ball.

My handicap is—

Since advent of new ball, I estimate my average score has gone up (or down)—strokes.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

GOLF CLUB

(Fill out this blank and mail to LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York)



Write a Title to This Picture

Win a Golfer's Prize and

Help Drive Out That "Balloon Ball"!

LAST week LIFE published the picture shown above, and with it a letter to the United States Golf Association protesting against the new "Balloon Ball" which has been forced upon the golfers of America.

And did we kick up a hornet's nest!

It appears that every player who has ever hit or missed a ball, swung or thrown a club, wants to write a title to Mr. Sykes' very eloquent cartoon.

Consequently we feel obliged to extend the closing date of this contest from June 1st, as announced last week, to July 1st.

Also, the following prizes are announced in addition to the FIRST PRIZE of one full set of matched irons offered last week: 2nd Prize . . . One matched set of wooden clubs. 3rd, 4th and 5th Prizes, each . . . 1 dozen of those golf balls everybody is dis-cussing.

Make your title brief and to the point. Write it plainly on a separate sheet of paper and in your answer specify what kind of clubs or balls you want in case you win. Your prize may be selected from or ordered through your club professional. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of a tie. Address titles to: Contest Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York.

Great Minds at work

Enforcement is getting better each year. There is today nothing like the sale of liquor there was three years ago.
—Andrew J. Volstead.

What has happened is a demonstration of the law-abiding nature of the Spanish.
—President Alcalá Zamora, of Spain.

I don't know anything about any depression.
—J. P. Morgan.

Never mind what your husband says; spend all you can.
—Charles Schwab.

Hollywood is just a small town with notions.
—Theodore Dreiser.

The English are not an inventive race; they don't eat enough pie.
—Thomas A. Edison.

Much of Tunney's success in the ring was due to his sensitiveness to beauty.
—William Lyon Phelps.

Marriage is like a boxing match.
—Douglas Fairbanks.



"Let's make them think they've got a salesman in Mexico, Mrs. Fauntleroy—just for the fun of it."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Secret Six"

FOR months we have been complaining about gangster movies that make heroes of the gangsters. Well, here's one that presents the Big Shots of gangland for just what they are—a bunch of cold blooded murderers who are successful because one stupid law has made them rich enough to buy protection from all the intelligent ones. That law, of course, is prohibition.

The film tells a story about the beer racket in the city of Centro, which is quite obviously the notorious Chicago suburb, Cicero. In depicting the rise of Wallace Beery from a steer slugger in the stockyards to a power in the underworld, Director George Hill has made no effort whatsoever to create sympathy for the criminal. The result is a bad man who typifies all the cheap, uncouth ruthlessness of the hoodlum, with no redeeming trait other than his ability to make you laugh because of his clumsy ignorance and dumb disregard for personal danger. And this point is made very clear. Mr. Beery is not a brave hero. He is just a big, dumb moron with a strong arm and a weak mind.

In addition to Mr. Beery's work, which is as good as anything he has ever done, there are excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Theodore Von Eltz, Marjorie Rambeau, Murray Kinnell and Paul Hurst. The love interest between John Mack Brown and Jean Harlow, unfortunately, is not very interesting. Mr. Brown still lacks a lot of being film-broken, and Miss Harlow, despite her present vogue with producers, continues to fall short of the promise she displayed in "Hell's Angels."

Mr. Von Eltz, by the way, has one of the best talkie voices we have ever heard. And this fellow Clark Gable is rapidly approaching the screen prominence we predicted for him after his first feature rôle in "Dance Fools Dance."

In addition to the diverting entertainment which this film provides, it may also give somebody an idea. The Secret Six are a group of prominent men who band together for the pur-

pose of wiping out the gangsters headed by Messrs. Beery and Stone—and they do a neat job of it. We may yet see Vigilants Committees formed as an answer to racketeering.

LIFE recommends this picture.

Bobby Jones on Golf

WARNER BROTHERS are billing the Bobby Jones golf shorts above their feature pictures, which probably burns up certain important screen stars in Hollywood. The first of the Jones films is on the subject of putting, but it is more important as a personal introduction of this justly famous young man to the movie public than as a lesson on how to putt.

Having had the privilege of meeting Mr. Jones we can say that he radiates the same distinct personal magnetism on the screen that has made him the outstanding figure of all time on the links. While explaining a shot or discussing a technical point with Frank Craven and Joe E. Brown you are conscious of the inherent modesty and sincere consideration that characterizes the man. Truly a great guy is Robert Tyre.

The picture opens with scenes of Jones making full shots with wood and iron clubs, accompanied by a resume of his accomplishments which are recited by O. B. Keeler. After a little by-play of comedy with Mr. Craven and Dick Barthelmess, Bob gets down to the serious business of telling you how to putt. He, as you may know, stands very erect with his feet close together on all shots, including the putt. In this regard he differs drastically from Walter Hagen, Leo Diegel and many other experts who putt with the feet spread wide apart and rest the weight entirely on either the right or left leg, according to the stance which comes most natural. The majority of the one-legged putting school advise resting the weight on the left leg. However, most golfers, particularly the boys who cannot break 90 (and most of them can't) are always looking for new putting ideas, so the Jones erect stance, reverse grip, left-handed control of the club and low, sweeping backstroke will offer them plenty of food for thought.

Whether or not you are actively interested in golf you will enjoy Bobby for his grand personality and amazing demonstrations of physical perfection.

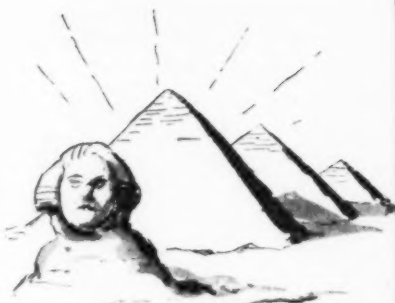
"Virtuous Husbands"

THE person who was responsible for buying this vehicle for the RKO motion picture company should take the ten easy lessons in sales resistance. Adapted from the play "Apron Strings," there is no reason, as far as we can see, why anyone should think it could be made into a good movie. This is proven by the fact that such capable performers as Elliott Nugent, Allison Skipworth, Tully Marshall and J. C. Nugent are unable to create anything more than a gentle suggestion of entertainment after an hour and a half of earnest endeavor.

Perhaps a few words about the plot will assure your not making the mistake of seeing this film. A woman who is a writer of advice to the lovelorn dies and leaves behind a series of letters addressed to her son with the instructions that he is to follow their advice on all matters dealing with the urges, such as love, diet and sex. At first glance this situation might suggest a certain amount of pleasurable comedy, but the opportunities for laughs are handled so obviously and heavily that all chances for fun are defeated. Once or twice a glint of humor creeps in, but this is due to the ability of several of the cast to get blood out of a rock, as the fellow says. Elliott Nugent, as the innocent young husband, displays a determined purity that soon marks him as a sap—and there is nothing amusing to this department about a sap. There is something about a young man closing the bedroom door in the face of his bride on their wedding night that does not strike us as being funny . . . particularly when the bride is the attractive and obviously enthusiastic Jean Arthur dressed in a very cute whoosit.

The action of the piece involves the efforts of the players to destroy the mother's letters and convince the husband that he should sleep in the same room with his wife.

If that's virtue we'll take vanilla.



"Henry writes me that he thinks the Pirates have a good chance to cop the pennant this year."



"You know I'm so worried, I'm afraid George will forget to feed the canary."



"Say, Sarah, whatever became of Mrs. Perkins' niece, Myrtle, the one who had the pajama party in Florida?"



"You know, Fred, I think they made a big mistake when they cut down those trees on Spruce Street, back home, to put in that sewer."



"My husband's sisters oldest girl had her tonsils out last summer."



"I was playing Jim Edwards for a dollar a hole. I was on the green with a fourteen foot putt -"

Nat. Collier '31

TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

As I Grow Older I Grow Wiser!

ALSO, I act with more deliberation. This is because, looking back, I can scarcely find a year in my existence when I didn't do something I afterwards regretted. Note the mistakes of my youth and how I profited by them:

Age three: Tipping over a book-shelf and lacerating my scalp.

Age five: Going to a children's party, and kissing my young hostess by main force.

Age eight: Picking a fight with a boy much stronger than I was.

Age nine: Eating half a pound of lard because it looked like ice-cream.

Age eleven: Telling my teacher to go to hell, and falling in love with a girl named Doris.

Age twelve: Losing a five dollar bill.

Age thirteen: Falling in love with a girl named Hilda, throwing a knife at the cook, and falling in love with a girl named Eleanor. (Thirteen was an especially bad year.)

Age fifteen: Neglecting my teeth.

Age sixteen: Announcing I'd never have anything to do with girls as long as I lived.

Age seventeen: Writing idiotic love-letters to a girl named Gloria.

Age nineteen: Betting \$19.75 on a pair of tens.

Age twenty: Cutting my philosophy final exam, lending twenty-five dollars to a fellow named Steve, telling my tennis coach he was all wet, and writing impetuous love-letters to a girl named Mildred. (Twenty wasn't such a hot year, either.)

Age twenty-three: Deciding to become a writer, getting into an argument on socialism with a man who knew three times as much as I did, and playing bridge at a cent a point.

Age twenty-six: Telling a certain editor to go to hell, and writing sarcastic letters to a girl named Beatrice.

Yes, as the years go on, and one looks back on his impetuous ways, he blushes, and reflects that he gains in wisdom. Now that I am twenty-eight all I have to regret so far this year are going to a party and kissing my hostess by main force, losing a five dollar bill, swearing that I was off women for life, tipping over a cocktail tray and ruining my tuxedo, neglecting my teeth, betting fifty dollars on the Yale game, telling a certain traffic cop what I thought of him, and falling in love with a girl named Helen.—But take it from me she *is* wonderful.

—Parke Cummings.



RALPH FULLER

"Shucks! And me with hay fever!"

Timely

A Philadelphia man who smashed a burglar on the head with an alarm clock was lucky. We never seem to have a burglar at the right moment.

Civic Pride

The former King Alfonso of Spain is living incognito as the Duke of Toledo. Cleveland doesn't care.

Life at Home



CHICAGO—Dr. Ernest E. Dalton told the convention of the Chicago Dental Society last night that there is \$480,000,000 worth of gold in the teeth of American citizens.

NEW YORK—Five-year-old Jackie Farrell had to go to a hospital to have a hardened wad of chewing gum removed from his ear.

"Well, there was company at home, mother," Jackie explained later, "and I didn't know what else to do with my gum."

MUSKEGON MICH.—A man has a right to become cross, unruly and disagreeable as old age approaches, Circuit Judge John Vanderwerp ruled in denying Luella Brooks a divorce from Samuel Brooks, 70 years old. The wife, 60, alleged that her husband was cruel, disagreeable and unruly, but the judge ruled these were the eccentricities of increasing years and in themselves no ground for divorce.

QUINCY, ILL.—State Senator Roy Adair walked into a luncheon club, was ushered to a seat, ate his dinner nervously, arranged some papers, cleared his throat, and prepared to be introduced.

The man who sat at his elbow was keenly interested in the senator's notes. "What," he asked, "are those?"

"They're notes for my speech," replied the senator in surprise.

"Speech?" exclaimed the neighbor. "Oh, yes. You're speaking at the Kiwanis Club today, aren't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, pardon me—this is the Exchange Club."

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—John Pulski doesn't have to worry about leaving lighted cigarette butts about the house.

His 6-year-old Boston terrier "eats 'em alive."

Besides chewing up discarded lighted stubs, the dog has twice aroused his master in time to prevent a serious fire.

NEW YORK—Zaro Agha, 156-year-old Turk, sailed for his native land. He declared he was pining for his native Istanbul and for his child bride, aged 66.

PHILADELPHIA—The American Oil Burner Association convention exhibited furnaces in pastel shades. Baby blue and pink were the most popular colors.

GRAND RAPIDS—Bridge, in the opinion of Ely Culbertson, expert player and president of the National Bridge Association, is an ideal marital safety valve.

Mr. Culbertson explained himself.

"The trouble," he said, "with married couples is that they don't fight enough. Bridge remedies all this. They spat over the bridge table, but they actually are not quarreling about bridge. It is merely a release of suppressed feelings because of numerous petty annoyances and differences. Better, then, to quarrel about bridge than over some weightier matter. Yes, it is the ideal marital safety valve."

S A N FRANCISCO

—Mrs. Ethel Clarke yawned and dislocated her jaw. The physician who reset it cautioned her about "ho-humming." He said the "hum" is not

so dangerous but to be very careful about the "ho."

LOS ANGELES—Because A. P. Weiss beat a Southern Pacific freight train to a crossing, he will have to pay the railroad \$154.70.

This ruling was entered by Municipal Judge May D. Lahey.

The engineer, to avoid a crash, had to throw on the emergency brakes, and the sudden stop damaged train equipment, the railroad successfully pleaded. Weiss escaped injury by inches.

NEW YORK—A circumstance of nomenclatural interest is that "Mr. Tift" is out of the New York telephone book.

There was only one "Tift." Now he is gone with his family for a year's motor tour of the country.

He has no first name because his parents could not agree on any. It has always been listed simply as "Tift."



"Heavens, another run!"

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.85 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Little.* \$3.85 (X*)—The sad and charming whimsy of a lady unable to grow old. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy wherein Helen Gahagan finds l'amour essential to a prima donna. Adults.

THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse.* \$3.85 (*)—Heartily recommended comedy with Mary Boland as the feather-brained lady with an overly developed—if inaccurate—feeling for past romance.

FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort.* \$3.85 (*)—Thrilling, melodramatic attack on the scandal-mongering tabloids, with Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller.* \$3.85 (X and Tues.)—Philip Barry's play wherein a woman is made "complete" through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall. Adults.

AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85 (*)—Splendid bit of acting by Judith Anderson in Pirandello's confusing play of a woman's identity.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.00 (X)—Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger carry on in this exceptionally amusing domestic brawl. Noel Coward (the author) and Gertrude Lawrence are out of the cast.

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

AS HUSBANDS GO. *John Golden.* \$3.85 (*)—Rachel Crothers' satisfactory comedy—the heady glamour of Paris lingers with two ladies on their return to Dubuque.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. *Apollo.* \$3.00 (*)—Channing Pollock's play idealizing the Galahad-ish struggle of one couple vs. success, money and modern business.

THE SILENT WITNESS. *Morocco.* \$3.00 (*)—Lionel Atwill in a British crime play which manages to afford several mystery thrills without the use of hysterics.

THE RAP. *Avon.* \$3.00 (*)—Presenting an exposé of relationships between the judiciary and the underworld. Based on recent vice investigations.

MELO. *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85 (*)—Edna Best doing a superb job in Henry Bernstein's drama dealing with infidelity. Able support by Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore.

BRASS ANKLE. *Masque.* \$3.00 (*)—Du Bose Heyward's play concerning mis-

YOU SAID IT. *Caban's 46th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Collegiate pep. Lou Holtz and Lyda Roberti furnish consistent amusement.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst.* \$5.50 (*)—Another crack at Hollywood—this time with music. With Jeanne Aubert and Jack Whiting.

THE WONDER BAR. *Bayes.* \$6.60 (*)—Al Jolson hypnotizing an audience for three hours by brute personality. His folk song and an amazing dance team (Chilton and Thomas) are the high spots.

RECORDS

COLUMBIA

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"—Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra. Slow fox-trot with two whistlers harmonizing and an effective trumpet obligato while Carmen Lombardo sings the chorus. *and*

"BUILDING A HOME FOR YOU"—Another new fox-trot in very slow tempo by Lombardo's orchestra.

"SOLDIER ON THE SHELF"—Ben Selvin and His Orchestra playing toy soldier music—with drums and strict rhythm. *and*

"TWO HEARTS" (Movie)—Two Hearts In Waltz Time—Same gang records this popular waltz.

VICTOR

"MY FAVORITE BAND"—Ted Weems and His Orchestra sounding their *a's* and doing tricks individually and collectively. However it's not as good as their "One Man Band". *and*

"STAR DUST"—The musical Wayne King Orchestra make the other side worth while. Some distinctive saxophone chatter.

"MINE YESTERDAY—HIS TODAY"—Fickle Woman is discussed by The Troubadours in waltz time. Lew Conrad sings the words—off pitch.

"SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR ME"—The London Mayfair Dance Orchestra. (Recorded in Europe). In spite of some commendable piano playing you'll repeat this only in case of emergency.

BRUNSWICK

"I SURRENDER, DEAR" *and*

"WABASH MOON"—Nick Lucas forsakes his rôle as orchestra leader and solos appealingly.

"I'M CRAZY 'BOUT MY BABY"—The Casa Loma Orchestra get hot over a current hit. *and*

"WHITE JAZZ"—Incoherent brass work, with no tune to speak of. Same band.

(Continued on page 25)



"RHAPSODY IN BLACK."

Valaida, Blue McAllister and Ethel Waters stick to the kind of singing, dancing and comedy that negro performers do best—so the show is good. Ethel is probably using the tub to clean up some of her lyrics.

cegenation. Alice Brady has a white child and then a dark one—due to careless antecedents.

MUSICAL

THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60 (X)—Revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen. Adults.

GIRL CRAZY. *A'vin.* \$5.50 (*)—Top-notch show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman ("Sam and Delilah")—and the cowboy quartet ("Bidin' My Time").

MEET MY SISTER. *Imperial.* \$3.00 (*)—Continental importation. Charming atmosphere when you're in a restful mood.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 24)

SHEET MUSIC

- "It's Not You" (Swell English tune due to be distributed in this country soon.)
 "Wha' Ja Do To Me" (No show)
 "Teardrops And Kisses" (No show)
 "I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby" (No show)
 "Oh, How I Miss You" (No show)
 "Would You Take Me Back Again" (No show)

Life in Washington

(Continued from page 14)

Woodrow Wilson. Pershing did a pretty fair job of boosting him in his story of the war.

But the question here is—how about the League of Nations? Is it still a live issue? Can the national groups be roused against it as they were in 1920?

Logically, the League would seem to be dead as a political issue. It seems pretty well settled, if one takes the judgment here, that the United States will never go into it.

On still another tack if the Democratic Party should decide to be dry in the coming campaign, the logical nominee would seem to be George White, now governor of Ohio, and incidentally nominated and elected with Baker's aid! He is more logical than Senator Joe Robinson for several reasons. In the first place Ohio is a normally Republican state which presumably White might carry. It will have 26 electoral votes. Arkansas has only 9 electoral votes, and is as surely Democratic.

But it is dangerous to try to inject too much logic into politics. The best and strongest men, on any logical estimate, are frequently the most easily beaten.

And here is another thought, in a letter from a bitterly anti-Hoover Democrat:

"I hope Mr. Hoover begins to improve pretty soon," he says, "for if he keeps on going down further into a hole, by election time everyone will be so sorry for him that he will be re-elected almost unanimously."

Which seems a lot more probable than some of the political reasoning we have been hearing.

Anagrams

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *times* with a *k* and get fate.
- (2) Scramble *supper* with an *l* and get the blues.
- (3) Scramble *spoiled* with an *b* and get what a rolling stone gets.
- (4) Scramble *restored* with a *n* and get what every man should be.
- (5) Scramble *garnish* with an *e* and get a sheep's haircut.

Answers on page 30

Solution of May 22 Puzzle

GOAT	CAPER	SLOW
AVER	AMUSE	POSE
FARO	BASES	HOLE
FLOURISH	TRIPOD	
SINS	BOON	
ASSESS	PEROXIDE	
SHARK	FARED	NON
HATS	CONES	CANT
EVA	FAINT	HONOR
SENSIBLE	FINERY	
ERAS	BANG	
BEARER	DISTRESS	
ABLE	EVENT	EMIT
NOON	TINGE	SERE
KNEE	SATED	SUET

An eastern university offers a course in airport designing. Doubtless the first lesson begins: "Select a site fifteen or twenty miles from the city."

A Pennsylvania judge rules caricatures are no insult. Another point of view is that many are not even caricatures.

When a man in Ohio tossed a horse-shoe over his shoulder it struck a policeman. Luckily there was no horse attached to the shoe.



From Life's



Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Feb. 15, 1912.

Bygones.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

A Dr. Schmid, of Germany, after a series of experiments predicts that animals will learn to talk intelligibly. We wouldn't be surprised. Within little more than a year movie actors have done it.
—*Detroit News.*

HINGUS: Back in the city again? I thought you were a farmer.

DINGUS: You made the same mistake that I did.

—*Pathfinder.*

In one American city, there has not been a single case of drunkenness for three years. Anybody would think there was no such thing as prohibition over there.

—*The Humorist.*

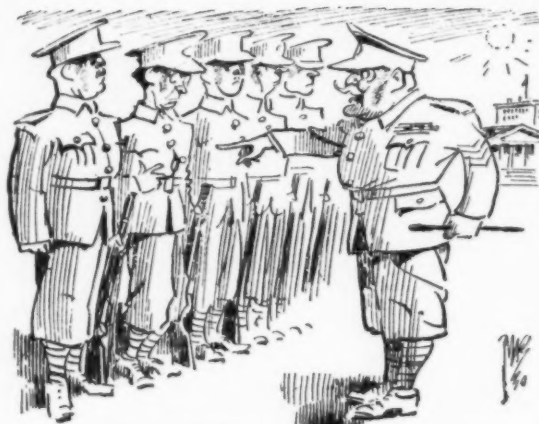
1ST BEGGAR: "Why the two hats?"

2ND BEGGAR: "Business is so good lately I have to enlarge my premises."
—*Dublin Opinion.*



Peter Hassen

MUSICIAN (to new partner with whistle): Now you've got to blow as 'ard as you can t' drown me 'cos I can't play this instrument properly yet.
—*Punch (by permission).*



SERGEANT (spotting recruit's button undone): "Wot's this? None of your sun-bathing tricks 'ere, m'lud."
—*Pearson's.*

The barbers of Guayaquil, which is in Ecuador, have asked their government to forbid the importation of American safety razors, which they say are ruining the barber business. Another bad feature of safety razors, from the South American point of view, is that they are virtually useless in a revolution.

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

"Yes," remarked a young doctor to a colleague, "the operation was just in the nick of time. In another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without."

—*The Outspan.*

Henry Ford suggests children be paid for going to school. But he ought to make it clear that his plan does not mean time and a half for homework.

—*Ottawa Citizen.*

They were a very green couple from a country village on their honeymoon. A town friend had recommended a certain London restaurant where shellfish were a specialty.

"Oh," said the bride, after scanning the menu, "I think I'll have a dozen lobsters!"

"Lobsters, madam?" echoed the waiter. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course she means lobsters!" The groom gave the waiter a severe look. "And you may bring me a dozen, too."

In due time the waiter appeared staggering under two trays piled high with the red shellfish. He placed a dozen in front of the girl and a dozen in front of the man.

The young husband looked at them aghast. So did his bride. She was the first to recover her speech.

"Don't you think, dearest," she said, in a very small voice, "that maybe it was oysters Harold told us to get?"

—*Answers.*



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The Brook—1931

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
Alas, a fatal sally!
For through what heaps of junk I
churn
As I go down the valley!

By thirty dumps I hurry down
Where refuse lies in ridges
And folks bring garbage out from
town
To heave it off the bridges.

'Mid wrecks of motor cars I flow,
The bus, the truck, the flivver;
Ah, men may come and men may go
But I go on forever!

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
O'er pipes and rods and wires;
I make the golden sunbeams dance
Among the worn-out tires.

I chatter over pots and pans
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble out among the cans
That quite conceal the pebbles.

Till last polluted do I flow
To the polluted river;
Ah, lucky men! You come and go,
But I go on forever!

—Tom Pease.

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The window washer cleans his glasses.



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"Tell him I ain't in."

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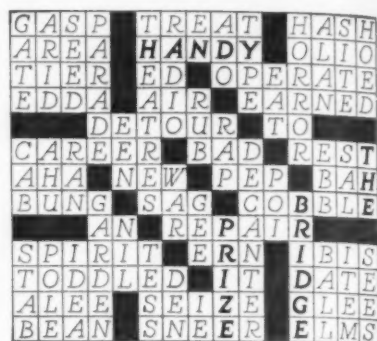
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Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 88



The handy bridge prize.

Yvonne Hicks
Holly Oaks Hotel
Sausalito, Calif.

For explanation: More useful than the rubbers he won.

Mrs. W. L. Stone
Oak Grove
West Carroll Parish, La.

For explanation: Once in a while one can be used for something.

Miss Jean McMichael
41 Spadina Road
Toronto, 4, Canada

For explanation: Just what he needed.

Helen R. Chubbuck
2305 Belmont Avenue
Ardmore, Pa.

For explanation: Bringing home the beacon.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 25

1. Kismet.
2. Purples.
3. Polished.
4. Trousered.
5. Shearing.

HARD-HEARTED GROCER: No, sir! No cheques. I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own mother!

CUSTOMER: Well, of course, you know your family better than I do!

—Pearson's.



NOGUCHI, by Gustav Eckstein. *Harper & Bros.*, \$5. A notable biography of one of the greatest research workers of modern times, that Japanese poor boy, who through desperate internal struggle, demonstrated high genius, and gave his life. This book, for general reading, is full of ideas, remarkable for the sympathetic atmosphere with which it is written.

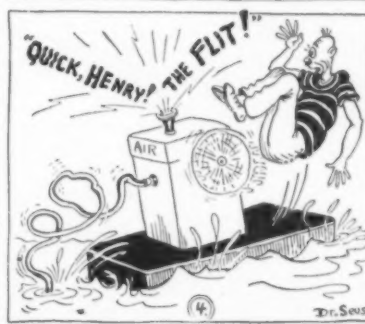
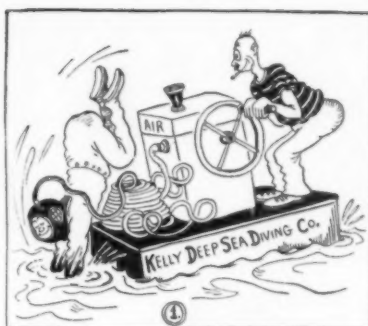
GREEN HELL, by Julian Duguid. *The Century Co.*, \$4. Few books of modern adventure contain the amazing innocence of this one, where three untrained spirits plunge into a South American forest, all a good deal like lambs bound for the slaughter.

JOHN MISTLETOE, by Christopher Morley. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2.50. Really a third person autobiography, by one of the men who, an early contributor to *LIFE*, delivers his creations through a more extended range. Full of Philadelphia and Haverford, and running into literary New York, with its past and present literary personalities.

ENCHANTED DUST, an adventure in conscious life, by Elizabeth Drake. *Houghton Mifflin & Co.*, \$2. In which a woman of sensitive temperament, poetic nature and capacity for that courage with which one faces oneself, gives her reactions to the infinite within. Simple, yet a profound revaluation of the feminine soul.

THE PURE IN HEART, by Franz Werfel. *Simon & Schuster*, \$3. Novel by a most popular German author, already familiar to the American public. This book gives the history of a boy extending through two generations of European thought; on a large screen, he writes a cumulative and absorbing story.

PAM'S OWN STORY, by Baroness von Hutten. *J. B. Lippincott Co.*, \$2. After twenty-five years we have a continuation of Pam and other well known characters; and it would seem as if they had gone by. On the contrary, there is a freshness about this story which can be accounted for only on the



Advertisement

ground that the characters are universal.

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON, by Otto Willi Gail. *Sears Pub. Co.*, \$2.50. In spite of the fact that Jules Verne has done it before—quite differently, however—this book has given us quite a thrill. Not only a book for boys but for grown men. The author has succeeded in injecting into it that inimitable something which makes for enlightened interest.

AMERICAN EARTH, by Erskine Caldwell. *Chas. Scribner's Sons*, \$2.50. Short stories and good ones, at least three or four surely ring the bell; remarkable in the induced suspense, in their suppressed sense of tragedy. Two other good books of short stories are *Stories of the South* old and new, edited by Addison Hibbard, an anthology (*Norton*, \$3.) and *Dumb-Animal*, by Osbert Sitwell, English, fine work (*Lippincott*, \$2.50).

—Thomas L. Masson

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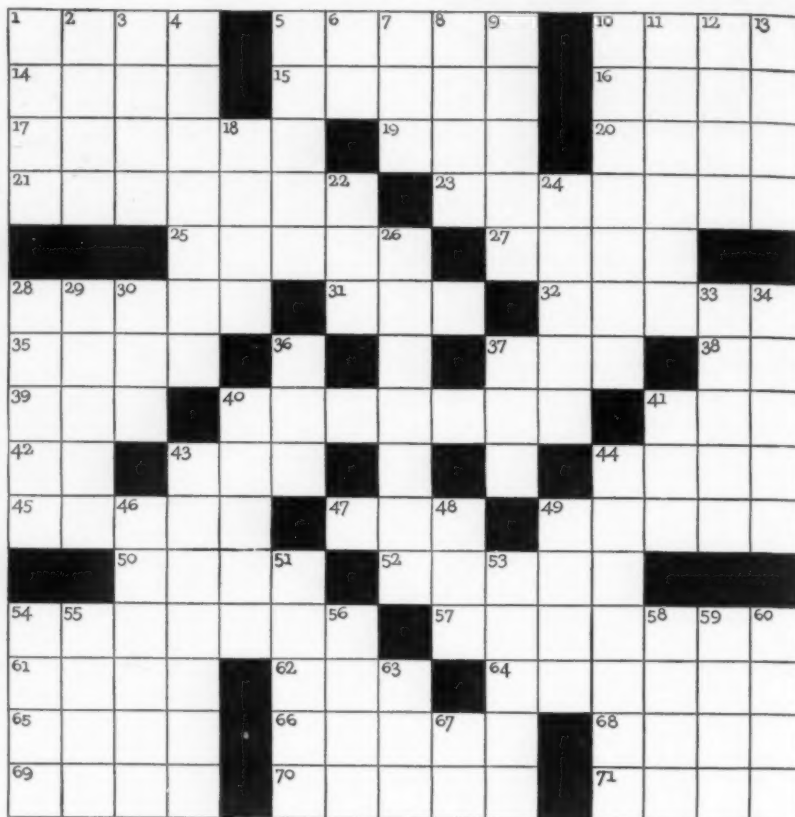
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L-73

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Warning signal.
5. Looked hard.
10. This turns up at the farm.
14. This is generous.
15. This is usually pickled.
16. Father of one of the tribes of Israel.
17. A hanger on.
19. The pip.
20. Grows old.
21. Struggles to win.
23. The wife has her say in this.
25. These are easily inflated.
27. Free space.
28. Wild west show.
31. A number.
32. Rhymsters.
35. Tennysonian heroine.
37. This makes its mark.
38. There.
39. Drink.
40. Dinned in the ears.
41. A single thing.
42. Toward.
43. This gives you leverage.
44. An experienced man.
45. Sheet music.
47. Insect.
49. Spring song.
50. Stroll.
52. Wooden shoe.
54. Held back.
57. Breastwork.
61. Hence.
62. Back talk.
64. A country.
65. An uproar.
66. A footprint.
68. One who ices.
69. Adam's rib.
70. Withers.
71. A copper.

DOWN

1. This has an explosive nature.
2. Principal seaport of the Samoan Islands.
3. Collectors are always looking for this.
4. Looped the loops.
5. A dead one.
6. Nickname.
7. The sound of a bullet.
8. Mischievous.
9. Hinder.
10. Military subdivision.
11. Pod.
12. This is extra.
13. This is pretty broad.
18. A medley.
22. Fix.
24. Contended with.
26. You hear these in church.
28. Takes things easy.
29. This brings tears to the eyes.
30. A plunge.
33. Spanish dance.
34. To harden.
36. Shed tears.
37. This is our favorite.
40. Vain fancy.
41. Propeller.
43. Advance.
44. This is devilish.
46. Western state.
48. This is a gentle touch.
49. Feminine name.
51. Turns liquid.
53. Things behind us.
54. A Slav.
55. A united three.
56. This is terrible.
58. Just your speed.
59. A garden spot.
60. Pretty sour.
63. Face value.
67. Engineering degree, Abbr.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MR. GOLFER!

James T. Soutter of Greenwich, Connecticut, put two shots out of bounds, yet made an eagle on a par four hole.

Thomas McAuliffe of Buffalo, who was born without arms, played a full eighteen holes in ninety-eight strokes.

Harry Vardon, veteran professional, went off the fairway only once in two entire seasons of day-by-day play.

Sandy Herd, English professional, has earned the presidency of the Hole-in-One Club with a record of eighteen aces.



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The golfing miracles which Bob ("Believe It or Not") Ripley tells about in the June American Golfer are only one of many features of this issue that will be the talk of "the 19th hole".

For instance, there is O. B. Keeler's article on the strange tricks of a golf ball in flight. Did you know that a well-hit drive travels for about six and one-half seconds before striking the turf? . . . or that a well-hit mashie shot, in spite of its shorter flight, is in the air for practically the same time? Then there is Tommy Armour's "eagle hunting" adventure, "fighting faces" of famous golfers, etc.

You will also find a host of practical instructions to help you cut down that score of yours. Grantland Rice gives you another simple clear-cut lesson in

fundamentals with seven action photographs. Bobby Jones tells you the secrets of putting accuracy, as he and "Calamity Jane" have discovered them, with another page of action pictures. Dr. Alister MacKenzie simplifies the problem of the golf swing for you. Glenna Collett presents some shrewd tips that will help the game of the masculine golfer as well as that of his lady partner.

Inside news of tournaments and players, humorous and human interest slants on the grand old game, a wealth of instruction by the greatest golf teachers in the world, scores of action pictures—this is but a brief indication of all that the June issue of *The American Golfer* holds for you.

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